

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Who Got Gunz"

(feat. Fat Joe, M.O.P.)

[Fat Joe]

yeah uh, GangStarr
Crack Man, M.O.P. uh, BX, Brooknam, haha come on
living legends, ya heard me?
yeah uh yo uh

I got seven Mac 11's about eight .38
Nine nines, Mac 10's
man this shit never end
Even if the apple won't spin
I reach in my back pocket and blast you and his twin
Niggaz yellin out the window "Joe's at it again"
But this bastard's got lawyers, keep him outta the pen
I mean feds wanna knock me just cuz I'm cocky
An arrogant fuck, wave "Hi" when they watch me
Can't stop me everytime official
Better find my residuals or this nine gon' lift you
"He was a fine individual" what the papers scripted
Had him on the front page in his graduation pictures
And they probably never hit you if you brought your glock
Me and my gat like Wilson, we all we got
We walk the scorchin blocks with the hawk on top
Even if the old ladies love to call the cops
I got guns

[Lil' Fame]

You got, he got, they got
M dot, O dot, P my nigga we got guns
Big ones, extra large heat
Humongous shit that won't fit up under your car seat
Pop in a heart beat
Keep the cannon in my reach
Lay you flat on your back like you was tannin on the beach
We keep them damn thangs full of hollows
And I'm from Christopher bitch, bang with the Wallace
Fit raw this nigga you ain't loco
You're buttocks big boy, your heart pumps Sunoco
Brownsville deep in my genes
I show you +bad boy+ for real, keep thinkin shit is +Peaches and Cream+
We'll run you down, MO-Ps hunt ya down
Gun ya down, guns sing like blaow
Raise up cock pot my biscuit for my nigga O.G. had quick shit
We got guns

[Hook]

We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)

Crazy ill, man rowdy
I gots it locked
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk, pop the lock
But only if you feel this shit
We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)
Crazy ill, man rowdy
I gots it locked
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk

[Guru]

Nowadays my priorities ain't based on fun
I'm tryna cop some more property and in case of them guns
Sick society's got Guru protectin his fam
Fuck Prudential, I got my own protection plan
Respect me man, I'm on a mission so to speak
You're too dumb to play your position so unique
I'll trade 'way your meat faggot vacate the streets
GangStarr, First Fam, and TS, we way deep
And even if you had a thought to move on us
Our fire power will devour, bitch you'll chew on dust
Slow death, no rep, hollows have you gaspin
You rich just for you, he got a lavish casket
Call us savage bastards usin all means necessary
It's only customary
It's you we got to bury
We'll dead your homo thug network
Head shots make your head jerk
My marks-men/man on the roof, he's an expert

[Billy Danze]

Who got a problem? It's already been established
I'll come through your town with a pound like a savage
Still throwin down on the grounds that I'm average
Can I hear for a gangster? YEAH NIGGA
It's always some shit but it's always a clip
to re-route your doubts and see what you about
Your homeboy's a snitch and your bossman's a bitch
We takin over these bricks (IS THAT SO?)
Doin underhanded shit, I'll shoot you in your abdomen
You fraud, you're movin like a broad with this faggot shit
And you deserve a hole
in the back of your motherfuckin head the doctor can't fix
on the concrete, we palm heat like soldiers
Spit one in your whip and flip your shit over
Keep in mind whatever the nine spit
It's only as good as the nigga behind it bitch
We got guns